1476. c 16

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A POETICAL EPISTLE.

[Price One Shilling.]

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GENTLEMAN TO HIS SON.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR, and Sold by W. FLEXNEY, in Holborn.

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PRIDE of my youth, and Comfort of my age!
To thee I conſecrate this uſeful page.
Vers'd in the niceſt arts of human kind,
To thee thy parent pours forth all his mind;
And be it thine to treaſure in thy heart
The grand *arcana*, which I now impart.

As Health derives its moſt important charge,
More from the ſmaller veſſels than the large,

On ſmall events ſo man's ſucceſs depends,
By theſe alone he gains the greateſt ends;
And as he keeps this maxim, or forſakes,
A Trifle marrs him, or a Trifle makes.

Court then the Graces, court! as I have done;
This rule adopt, or quit the name of Son.
This I will hollow conſtant in thy ear,
As loud as *Hotſpur* hollow'd *Mortimer:*
I would not keep a cat, or feed a bird,
That pip'd ungraceful, or ungraceful purr'd *.

Let ſtrict *Attention* all your acts direct,
It wins Applauſe, as it denotes Reſpect.

* The graceful manner of ſpeaking is particularly what I ſhall always hollow in your ear, as *Hotſpur* hollow'd *Mortimer* to *Henry* the fourth, and like him, I have aimed to have a Starling taught to ſay, "*ſpeak diſtinctly and* "*gracefully*," and ſend him you to repair your loſs of the unfortunate Matzell, who by the way, I am told, ſpoke his language *diſtinctly and gracefully*.
Lord Cheſterfield's Letters to his Son, page 305. 4to. edit. 1ſt. Vol.

Obſerve

Obſerve it in the moſt minute degree,
As well when *out* of, as *in* company.
Obſerve it even in the SHRINE OF EASE,
An error there the GODDESS may diſpleaſe.
Learn what materials will your purpoſe fit,
And next enquire the *Quantum ſufficit*;
That *quantum* then in even folds diſpoſe,
And wipe as cleanly, as you'd wipe your Noſe.
In ev'ry circumſtance, in ev'ry place,
The eaſe of Nature aſks the eaſe of Grace.
What pity 'tis! a Gentleman can't ſend
This vulgar deed his PROXY to attend.
'Tis quite *beneath* the dignity of man,
So prithee, Child! avoid it---if you can;
But if it prove an irkſome, windy war,
And nought, but vent, can terminate the jar;
Diſtinct and graceful, let th' exploſion ſound,
And fill with Harmony the ſweet profound.

Think

Think not that Merit of itſelf can raiſe
Promotion's ladder, or the ſtep of Praiſe *.
How came SIR FLETCHER in the Speaker's Chair!
Did Merit, or the Graces place him there.
Without the Graces what would THURLOE be!
THURLOE the Sage---a brief without a fee;
If more polite, perhaps he might be CHIEF,
And then he'd have the Fee without the Brief.
Say! was it Merit, like a blazing Star,
That firſt diſtinguiſh'd DUNNING at the Bar!
By Grace, and Attitude, the Prize he won,
For he and Grace, and Grace and he are one;
And whilſt his rapid energy alarms,
The *Lawyer* ſtrikes us---but th' ADONIS charms.

* I muſt repeat it to you over and over again, that with all the knowledge which you may have at preſent, or hereafter acquire, and with all the merit that ever man had, if you have not a graceful addreſs, &c. you will be nobody. Page 500, 1ſt. Vol.

To

To Juſtice BLACKSTONE now direct your eyes,
With him in parts what other Juſtice vies!
'Twas his to comment, his to analyze,
And draw the cobweb-curtain from our eyes;
Each legal winding nicely to explore,
And give to RUFUS one ſound Lawyer more.
But what of that! he might have ſtill retail'd
Inglorious Fees, had not his form prevail'd;
His gracious form, by Nature fram'd to pleaſe,
Which robs ANTINOUS of half his eaſe.

To Phyſic now---that claims the ſecond place.
SCHOMBERG has Skill, but PRINGLE has the Grace;
And yet---but how I know not---I proteſt,
THAT Schomberg's univerſally careſt;
Hated perhaps---for taking NATURE's part---
By none, but the Profeſſors of the ART.

Tho' BROMFIELD operates as quick as thought,
His Fame and Judgment would be ſet at nought

Did not the ſweetneſs of his ſoft Addreſs,
That graceful mode he carves with, more or leſs,
Conduce to ſave his happy patient's life,
And make him look with pleaſure at his knife.

Thus with Divines. The multitude careſs
The Preacher of the moſt expert Addreſs.
'Tis not the doctrine that the crowd revere,
They go to pleaſe the eye, and not the ear;
Hundreds, in ſpite of thoſe who truly teach,
To ------* flock, tho' PETERBOROUGH preach.

Think you (and this to CHATHAM I ſubmit)
That parts ſuperior rais'd the name of PITT!
No--'twas that elegant, HANS STANLEY Eaſe,
That manner ſoft, which could not fail to pleaſe;
That magic ſomething, which yet wants a name,
And hands GREAT TALLBOY to immortal fame.

* The reader is deſired to fill up this blank to his own mind.

Say!

Say! was it parts (tho' WALPOLE ne'er had more)
That held up NORTH amidſt a factious roar!
With cautious eye the ſteady helm he guides,
And o'er the ſea of ſtate triumphant rides.
Firm, as the ſolid rock, that nobly braves
The raving fury of the laſhing waves,
He ſtands---and mocks, un-conſcious of a ſhame,
The voice of Clamour, and the lies of Fame.
But did th' exertion of his parts alone
Give, or deſerve the favour of the throne!
Tho' bleſt with Goodneſs both of Heart and Head,
That goodneſs had remain'd inert and dead,
His well-earn'd conſequence would ne'er maintain,
Were he not HASLANG'D in the Graces train.

But now to more familiar rules I fall,
And beg you'll practiſe and obſerve e'm all.
When at the Play, be all alike ſerene,
Or at the tragic, or the comic ſcene.

Let Humour (GARRICK ſtanding by her ſide)
With laughter loud plebeian mouths divide,
Whoſe ha! ha! ha's! the tender ear annoy.
Do thou diſdain the coarſe, unmeaning joy;*
Nor ope your lips, but purely to diſcloſe
How white your teeth, how accurate the rows.

When Tragedy puts on her ſable ſtole,
Whoſe very looks convey her very ſoul;
Whoſe words a murderer's repoſe defeat,
And make a *Nabob* ſhudder in his ſeat;
Whoſe plaintive tones can melt the worthy breaſt,
That ever melts, when Merit is diſtreſt;
Who calls forth tears, of tears a copious ſtore
From ſullen eyes, that never wept before;

* You may often be ſeen to ſmile, but never heard to laugh, while you live. Frequent and loud laughter is the characteriſtic of folly and ill-manners. It is the manner in which the mob expreſs their ſilly joy at ſilly things. In my mind there is nothing ſo illiberal and ſo ill-bred as audible laughter. Page 268.

Tears

Tears that do honour to the human heart,
And ſuch as BARRY can at will impart;
When ſuch the ſympathy (tho' ne'er ſo ſtrong)
Ah! catch not thou th' effuſion of the throng;
For if they ſee you ſhed one real tear,
The very men who ſhift the ſcenes will ſneer.

Now liſt attentive! liſt! whilſt I unfold
A ſecret, that in verſe has ne'er been told.
All think they know it, but 'tis known to few,
That is, how beſt to buckle on your ſhoe;
Tho' ſtrong their judgment, and their fancy bright,
Ten do it wrong for one, who does it right.
On this ſide ſome, and ſome on that diſplay
This uſeful ornament in awkward way.
But wiſer thou! obſerve nor that, nor this,
Say what men will, both methods are amiſs;

The *medium* of the foot denotes the place,
Its proper fixture for external grace*.

With all his open manlineſs of mind,
Where ſolid ſenſe, and ſterling wit are join'd,
In life poor *Claſſic* never could advance,
The reaſon's plain---poor *Claſſic* could not dance.

How long in vain did learned JOHNSON toil!
And waſte in buſy thought the midnight oil:
Whoſe page the Critics ever muſt revere,
As long as genius is reputed dear,
Whoſe heart exults, or ſwells with honeſt rage,
As Vice, or Virtue marks the riſing age;
Whoſe nervous writings ſhook the trump of Fame,
Yet left him nothing but a deathleſs name.

* I am very glad you have received the diamond buckles ſafe. All I deſire in return for them is, that they may be buckled even upon your foot, and that your ſtockings may not hide them.

But

But when the features of each grace he wore,
And look'd as JOHNSON never look'd before,
Then came the meed, that honourable gain,
Which ſheds ſuch luſtre over GEORGE's Reign,
That meed, which no good man can wiſh remov'd,
Hinted by BUTE, by MAJESTY approv'd.

Adieu! and let the Graces be your text*,
But I'll be more explicit in my next:
There will I teach thee, with a ſire's concern,
All that is proper for a ſon to learn:
In pleaſing ſegments how to pare your nails†,
Segments muſt pleaſe, as long as taſte prevails.
The conduct of your breeches there make known,
How beſt to pull 'em up, and let 'em down.

* The Graces, the Graces, remember the Graces. Page 390.

† The ends of your nails ſhould be ſmall ſegments of circles, &c. every time that you wipe your hands, rub the ſkin round your nails backwards, that it may not grow up and ſhorten your nails too much. Vol. II. page 60.

Teach thee to handle with peculiar grace,
The ſnuff-box, toothpick, and the toothpick-caſe,
And how to cut and eat a currant tart,
Nor let your napkin, or your chin have part.
Once more, my Child! adieu! Remember me,
And ne'er, O ne'er forget the GRACES THREE!
Hug 'em as cloſe, as, when he goes to reſt,
HILL hugs his graceful *Order* to his breaſt.

FINIS.